

THE SALT LAKE HERALD

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AMUSEMENTS TODAY.

Salt Lake—Oira Netherole in "Sapho." Orpheum—Vaudeville.
Grand—Lost in Honor.
Lyric—"A Pledge of Honor."

WEATHER FOR SALT LAKE.

Fair.

THE RIGHT SPIRIT.

If Mayor Thompson isn't careful he'll be read out of the "American" party. Saturday at the celebration in commemoration of the completion of the Big Cottonwood conduit Mayor Thompson was so thoughtless as to give former Mayor Morris and his Democratic administration credit for formulating the plans and beginning the work. The mayor evidently does not read the morning organ of his party, or he would have known that absolutely no credit whatever attaches to the Morris administration on account of the conduit.

Day after day the mouthpiece of the "American" administration has endeavored to convince the public it reaches that if it had not been for the "American" party there would have been no conduit. Or, if there had been a conduit there would have been no water to put in it. Clearly Mayor Thompson, in conceding anything to his Democratic predecessor, has put himself entirely outside the party breastworks. If the Democrats are to have any credit for the conduit—and goodness knows they are entitled to it—the only campaign cry for the "Americans" this fall in the city campaign will be silenced. And they will need a campaign cry badly, for there is a long row of counts in the public indictment against them.

Nevertheless, the general public will believe that Mayor Thompson did a graceful thing when he acknowledged the city's indebtedness to the Democratic administration. And the concession seems the more admirable because, in the light of the utterances of other "Americans" and their organ it was entirely unexpected. Mayor Thompson manifested the right spirit. There is glory enough in the Cottonwood conduit to go around. In spite of the fact that some of the glory acquired by the "American" administration is somewhat tarnished by egregious blunders.

Now is it too much to hope that "Patriot" Tom Homer, who was so sure that the conduit would never result in the slightest benefit to the city, who was sure that if it was finished it would be a bad job, and that even so there would be no water for it, will come forward and frankly acknowledge his error? The "patriot" was not a bit backward about instituting court proceedings with a view to hampering the Morris administration in the undertaking, and he overworked his talking machinery in opposition to it. If he wants to do the square thing now he will make a public apology to former Mayor Morris.

THE THAW CASE.

The interrupted hearing of the Thaw case will be resumed today, with the wife of the defendant again on the stand undergoing direct examination. Beginning tomorrow, and continuing for an indefinite period thereafter, the newspapers will print the testimony as fully as their space warrants. There is talk of excluding from the Canadian mails newspapers that go too fully into the testimony, and this will doubtless be a great blow to Canadian newspaper readers.

For, moralize as you will, the public is more interested in the Thaw case than in any matter being considered in the United States today. If Thaw had been a poor man, if Stanford White, his victim, had been a man of little means and no social prominence, there is hardly a newspaper in the country that would devote more than 200 words a day to the trial. On account of the wealth and the social prominence of the parties the trial is interesting, and testimony is being read by millions that would not even be listened to by everybody in the court room in an ordinary proceeding.

No matter what the termination of the case may be, it has already resulted in harm enough, in all conscience. A dead man's reputation is being blackened, the life of a young man has been ruined, and the dishonor of his wife has been paraded before the gaze of the whole wide world. It really seems a pity that the case could not have been privately heard and judged on its merits, with only the publication of the result at the end of it.

But think how unsatisfactory such a

course would have been to the great American public! And what the public wants the public must have.

The spring weather of recent days has brought the automobiles out, and with the automobiles has come the inevitable percentage of scorchers. Anybody walking along Brigham street yesterday might have seen automobileists tearing up and down that thoroughfare as swiftly as if they were on a deserted country road. It is to be hoped that if next Sunday is a fine day the chief of police will station men along Brigham street and give a salutary lesson to the reckless drivers.

War between Honduras and Nicaragua is said to be imminent. If the boys are right they'll pull off their little fight in a large enclosure somewhere in Nevada and make a large barrel of money out of it. We are quite sure that the fight promoters of Goldfield, Tonopah, Rhyolite or Beatty would offer a fat purse for the encounter.

Senator Foraker of Ohio is certainly a warm friend to the colored brother. And he shows it by defending the murderous mutineers of the Twenty-fifth Infantry and then turning right around and kicking himself into a spasm because Roosevelt appointed a negro as collector of customs at Cincinnati.

Senator-elect Curtis of Kansas thinks the president, after his present term expires, ought to be given the job of digging the Panama canal. He can resign the presidency and start right now, as far as Vice President Fairbanks is concerned.

Mr. Stevens is not going to resign as chief engineer of the Panama canal, and he is glad, not sorry that the work has been awarded under the contract system. Somebody must have been talking up to Mr. Stevens.

FIRE AND POLICE BILL.

To the Salt Lake Herald: I notice in The Herald that a bill has been introduced in the legislature giving the governor the right to appoint the fire and police commissioners of Salt Lake City. I lived in Denver while such a law was in force there. I can say no more dangerous bill to the interests of Salt Lake City has been introduced than the one spoken of. A governor might be elected from a distant part of the state who owned no property in Salt Lake City and therefore had no personal interest in the city's welfare. In such a case, if the governor was an unscrupulous man, he would have the country cousins move into Salt Lake City, establish a residence and receive appointments as firemen, policemen and detectives, thus putting Salt Lake City practically under a foreign government.

The city would then have firemen who knew nothing about their work and policemen and detectives who had no idea of the way to detect crime. It is a well known and demonstrated fact that if the governor appointed the fire and police board he could dictate to a great extent the men whom they would appoint. It seems to me that no member of the legislature from Salt Lake City who has the interest of his constituents at heart would dare vote for such a measure; and any outside member who wants to be fair would not vote to take the appointment of Salt Lake officers out of the hands of the people of Salt Lake City and give it into the hands of a foreign power. Yours respectfully, F. E. BROWN, Provo, Utah, February 8.

CLEVER PARAGRAPHS.

Why They Are So Much Upset.

(Chicago Inter Ocean.) It seems to cause considerable and unnecessary surprise in some quarters because Senator Foraker insists upon remembering that he is a United States senator from the great state of Ohio.

Overlooked M. Twain and T. Roosevelt.

(Washington Post.)

An exchange remarks that apparently the two presidential electors who are not reporting the Thaw trial are William Dean Howells and George Cohan.

Where Does Jeff Davis Come In?

(Atlanta Journal.) Roosevelt, Tillman, Beveridge and La Follette would be a team that would almost make the senate an efficient body.

Give the Man a Chance.

(Kansas City Star.) Contractor Oliver thought he was number one. It develops that he came within 23 of guessing his real number.

Then There Will Be Some Fun.

(Chicago News.) Just let Joe Foraker wait until he gets into a debate with Senator Roosevelt a few years hence.

Might Have Stopped at a Dozen.

(Chicago Record-Herald.) An Ohio man has been sent to prison for six years because he has thirteen wives.

Is Usurping Everything Usurpable.

(Baltimore Sun.) Senator Rayner is opposed to the extension of the presidential power plant.

Says So Himself.

(Milwaukee Sentinel.) Also Senator Beveridge was "once a child."

REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR.

(New York Press.) The spots where a woman is fat depend a lot on her dressmaker. Even a burglar wouldn't stand the insult of being called a politician. The difference between a fault and a sin is whether it is you or some other fellow. It seems to pay to be abused by everybody for that kind are mostly millionaires. If a man could build water pipes that wouldn't freeze he'd be pretty sure to go to heaven.

A LINCOLN ANECDOTE.

(Sunday Magazine.) On one occasion when a busy President Lincoln received a delegation of men who were endeavoring to hurry the passing of some petty bill. When they entered Lincoln looked up gravely and said: "If you call the tail of a sheep a leg, how many legs will the sheep have?" "Five," replied the spokesman. "No," replied Lincoln: "It would only have four. Calling the tail a leg wouldn't make it one."

The delegation departed in discomfiture.

APPEARANCES DECEPTIVE.

(Philadelphia Press.) "Well," said the new reporter at the creditors' meeting. "It's easy enough to pick out the bankrupt." "Yes," replied the old one. "Yes, see how shabby and careworn he looks." "That's the principal creditor. The bankrupt is that man with the fur overcoat and diamonds."

Captain Tyson of Popular Fame

Officer's Death Recalls an Awful Arctic Voyage.

The death in Washington recently of Captain George E. Tyson, one of the leaders of the ill-fated Polar Arctic expedition of 1871, recalls one of the most extraordinary adventures in the history of Polar explorations, says the New York Evening Post. With eighteen companions, Captain Tyson lived for six and one-half months on an ice floe, suffering from exposure. Finally, picked up by the whaler Tigress, the rescued party brought news that the Polar expedition had reached 82 degrees, 16 minutes, the highest northern latitude attained up to that time.

Captain Tyson had lived an adventurous life before joining the government expedition under command of Captain Charles F. Hall. Born in Red Bank, N. J., December 15, 1829, he became a member of a whaler's crew, and when 19 years old, he soon made a reputation, and became an officer. He had made several voyages to the Arctic regions before Captain Hall's attention was attracted to him, during which he had become an authority in the navigation of those difficult waters. He had commanded five ships in the whaling service when, in 1865, he met Captain Hall at Repulse bay, while the latter was on one of his earlier exploring trips. When the government purchased the Periwinkle and renamed her the Polar, with the intention of sending her to obtain further facts about the lost expedition of 1845, Captain Tyson was naturally chosen ice navigator and master of sledges.

On June 10, 1871, the Polar left the Washington navy yard for this city. Captain Tyson and the party here. The vessel then sailed on June 23 via New London. During the trip from St. John's, Captain Tyson spent much of his time in the crew's nest. The completion of the Polar's crew consisted of twenty-five white men and eight Eskimos. On October 10, Captain Hall stepped upon ground more northern than that which white man's foot had ever touched before. After making a short sledge expedition, he returned to the Polar, dying suddenly on November 8, 1871, under supposed suspicious circumstances, but later an investigation proved that death was due to apoplexy and paralysis. On August 1, 1873, the Polar was made fast to a large ice floe drifting southward. Two months later, during a violent gale of wind and snow, she was forced up on the ice and thrown on her beam ends. A portion of the crew, consisting of Tyson and eighteen others, were ordered to carry provisions to a safe place on the ice. While so engaged a storm came up, the howlers of the Polar being scattered by the wind. A few minutes she was out of sight of the party on the ice. Reports had it that the crew raised the anchor and sailed away, but investigation showed that the separation of the ship was purely accidental. The Polar was afterward seen by the party on the ice, but they could not reach her, and during the violent gale the ship and also land were lost sight of.

Six Months Adrift on Ice Floe.

For more than six months and a half, from October, 1871, until May, 1873, the nineteen men, women and children, nine of the party being Eskimos, remained upon the ice floe, which was originally about five miles in circumference. They existed on seal meat for the most part, and this was often eaten uncooked with the blubber. The Eskimos, remaining with the party, suffered from the lack of water. One day Captain Tyson shot a seal, but the men were so weak from their privation and suffering that they could not launch the canoe to get to the water. At such a time as that the party could not leave their snow huts, and then the Eskimos would indulge their appetites freely on kookook, a species of very large seal. Some of those who ate the liver of this animal lost the skin of their faces, hands and chest.

Great difficulty was experienced in keeping warm, and in making the frozen seal meat sufficiently soft to be eaten. Some of the Eskimos, however, upon the ice floe, which was originally about five miles in circumference. They existed on seal meat for the most part, and this was often eaten uncooked with the blubber. The Eskimos, remaining with the party, suffered from the lack of water. One day Captain Tyson shot a seal, but the men were so weak from their privation and suffering that they could not launch the canoe to get to the water. At such a time as that the party could not leave their snow huts, and then the Eskimos would indulge their appetites freely on kookook, a species of very large seal. Some of those who ate the liver of this animal lost the skin of their faces, hands and chest.

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Mark Twain's Start

(North American Review.) One day in the midwinter of 1856 or 1857—I think it was 1856—I was coming along the main street of Keokuk in the middle of the forenoon. It was bitter weather—so bitter that the street was blowing, almost. A light dry snow was downing here and there on the ground and on the pavement, and the way and that making all sorts of beautiful figures, but very chilly to look at. The wind blew a piece of paper past me and it lodged against a wall of a house. Something about the look of it attracted my attention and I gathered it up. It was a fifty-dollar bill, the only one that I had ever seen, and the largest assemblage of money I had ever encountered in one spot. I advertised it in the papers and it attracted more than a thousand dollars' worth of solicitude and fear and distress during the next few days lest the owner should see the advertisement and come and take my fortune away. As many as four days went by without an applicant; then I could endure this kind of misery no longer. I felt sure that another four could not go by in this safe and secure way. I felt that I must take that ticket for Cincinnati and went to that city. I worked there several months in the printing office of Wrightson & Co. I had been reading Lieutenant Henry's account of his explorations in the Amazon and had been mightily attracted by what he said of coca. I made up my mind that I would go to the headwaters of the Amazon and collect some coca. I had a small amount of money, and I made a fortune. I left for New Orleans on the steamer Paul Jones with this great idea filling my mind. One of the pilots of that boat was Horace Bixby. Little by little I got acquainted with him and he told me that he was doing a lot of steering for him in his daylight watches. When I got to New Orleans I inquired about ships leaving for Para and discovered that there weren't any, and that there probably wouldn't be any during that century. It had not occurred to me to inquire about these particulars before leaving Cincinnati, so there I was. I could not go to the Amazon, and I had no friends in New Orleans and no money to speak of. I went to Horace Bixby and asked him to make a pilot out of me. He said he would do it for a hundred dollars cash

Found a Fifty-Dollar Bill and Went to Cincinnati.

(Chicago News.)

In advance. So I steered for him up to St. Louis, borrowed the money from my brother-in-law and collected the bargain. I had acquired this brother-in-law several years before. This was William A. Moffett, a merchant, a Virginian—a fine man in every way. He had married my sister Pamela, and the Samuel E. Moffett of whom I have been speaking was their son. Within eighteen months I became a competent pilot and I served that office until the Mississippi river trade was brought to a standstill by the breaking out of the civil war.

COMFORT IN A PIPE.

(Milwaukee Sentinel.)

As older and older I grow, And finding I find my sight, I am gradually coming to know That his best to slack up in the fight. And I find as the years keep a-creeeping And my age is when many call ripe, That I care more for dozing and sleeping And the pleasure I get from my pipe.

I care not for dreaming romantic, For that passed away with my youth; I have naught of the manner poetic, My tongue I keep silent, I keep sooth. Let youngsters just turned out of college Bear the palm, I was once of their type But now don't prate of my knowledge, I cogitate here with my pipe.

There isn't much left when a fellow Is whitening fast o'er the brow, And he gets easy going and mellow— A difference 'twixt Then and the Now. For lost hopes—'twixt them and that stripe, And when I get restless and fretful It's me to my chummy old pipe.

MODERN NEW YORK.

(Philadelphia Ledger.) The rattle, the bang, the clatter, the clang. The jar and the clamor near over; The cars of Gotham—of course, we all know them— Will stop, and the horses eat clover.

Those time-battered boxes hauled over the rocks Have ceased to humiliate pain. But soon they shall vanish, if statute can banish. To never alarm us again.

So Gotham is gay and she yearns for the day To pull out antiquity's token, Thus to win a high place and to set a swift pace To equal that of Hoboken.

MAUDE ADAMS' CAR.

The Actress' Tour Will Be Made in the Tinker Bell. (Brooklyn Eagle.)

The latter part of next month a special theatre car for Miss Maude Adams will be finished. It will be the only vehicle of its kind in existence. Its invention will, to a great extent, relieve transcontinental traveling and one-night stands of much of their traditional horror. The car is to be a combination of living apartments and a completely equipped theatre for the rehearsal of scenes and one-act pieces. It will be known as the Tinker Bell and it will cost from \$25,000 to \$30,000 when fully furnished.

The need of such a car has arisen from the desire on the part of Miss Adams for absolutely private rehearsal of a number of one-act pieces which she has long had under consideration. When on tour it is always difficult to obtain on short notice a suitable theatre or a clear stage for private rehearsal. A part of the car will be devoted to a suite of apartments for Miss Adams' living purposes, but its largest space will be devoted to a theatre, equipped with everything constructed to exact relative proportion to the fittings of an ordinary theatre. The furnishings of the living quarters will be of mahogany, those of the theatre walnut. The latter portion of the car will be forty feet in depth. It will be entirely without windows. The usual window space will be taken up by grooves for scenery, which will be admitted into the car by sliding doors at the rear wall of the stage. Whenever daylight is desired it will be had through ceiling openings, but the lighting equipment will be all electric—entirely electrical. Everything upon the stage will be exactly the equipment of any first-class theatre, except that each fixture is to be built in miniature.

There will be the usual border lights above the stage, and below a set of footlights fastened inside a coverable gutter, along the edge of the stage. The calcium and spot lights will be managed from the front end of the theatre, where there will also be a set of lockers for costumes. There will be two extra sets of lockers at the rear of the stage for the property and carpentry departments. Steps will lead from the stage to the floor of the theatre, which will be without stationary chairs.

The living portion of the car will consist of the conventional private car arrangements, except that its equipment will be sufficient to relieve Miss Adams entirely from the necessity of using hotels. It will be a suite of three rooms—dining room, private room, with stationary bed and bath, servants' room, kitchen and dining room. It will be lighted by electricity and will be the only portion of the car fitted with observation windows.

The theatre car is entirely of Miss Adams' own design and will be her personal property when delivered from the Pullman yards.

BULLS AND BLUNDERS.

(Detroit Tribune.)

Josh Billings supplies a definition of the difference between a blunder and a mistake. "When a man sets down a poor umbrella and takes up a good one, he makes a mistake, but when he sets down a good umbrella and takes up a poor one he makes a blunder."

Some of the most amusing blunders are to be found in advertisements, chiefly through their writers' carelessness in the use of the English language.

Here are some specimens: "Persons purchasing same will be skinned and cleaned while they wait." When the baby is done drinking, it must be unscrewed and lead in a cool place under a tap. "I can't get a good one on fresh milk it should be boiled." (The reference was to the advertiser's patent feeding bottle.)

Wanted, a furnished room for a single gentleman looking both ways and well ventilated.

Wanted, an organist and a boy to blow the same.

Among the things that had better been left unsaid, or otherwise expressed, these are some choice examples:

First Stranger—Slow, isn't it? Second Stranger—Yes, very. First Stranger—Let's go home. Second Stranger—I can't. I'm the host.

Nor is the usually grave and sedate profession free from the charge that its members have added to the gaiety of nations.

"There is but one thing," said the physician, "that we know about death—it is always fatal."

Doctor—And now as to the swelling on the back of your head, there is nothing serious about it at present, but you must keep your eye on it.

The fervor of the reformer, in almost every walk of life, has led him into the expression of the most ludicrously mixed metaphors. "Comrades, let us be up and doing. Let us take our axes on our shoulders, and plough the waste places till the good ship Temperance sails gayly over the land."

Gentlemen, the apple of discord has been thrown into our midst; and if it be not nipped in the bud, it will burst into a conflagration which will deluge the world.

"This bell," said a well-meaning sexton, when showing the belfry of an interesting village church to a party of visitors, "is only rung in case of a visit from the bishop of the diocese, a fire, a flood, or any other such calamity."

Mr. and Mrs. G. wish to express thanks to their friends and neighbors who so kindly assisted at the burning of their residence last night.

When a gentleman and lady are walking in the street, the lady should walk inside of the gentleman.

A man was arrested this morning stealing a string of fish very much under the influence of liquor.

THE STINGIEST MAN.

(Kansas City Star.)

"Talking about stingy, close-fisted people, I found one this morning that was the limit." Dennis Handrahan, clerk of the police department in the west side, was walking along the sidewalk of Minnesota avenue last night and saw a little tobacco sack lying on the sidewalk with something in it. I thought some farmer had lost his pocketbook and picked it up. There was only a piece of chewing tobacco in the sack and a note, which read:

"If I happen to lose this tobacco the finder will please return to my office in the Husted building and receive reward. "At first I thought somebody was trying to play a joke, but I decided to take the piece of tobacco to the man's office and see what it meant. When I handed it to him he seemed pleased. He showed me his pocket saying, 'that tobacco costs money these days, and that a fellow has to be very close in order to save money.' I reminded him that he had offered a reward for the return of the tobacco, and what do you think he said? He took that piece of tobacco out of the sack and asked me to have a chew."

BOOKS BOOKS

GOING OUT OF BUSINESS

Owing to the fact that we are going out of business, we offer to the public rare and SECOND-HAND BOOKS AT ONE-HALF the regular price, and new books, including ALL THE LATEST FICTION, AT 25 PER CENT OFF OF THEIR REGULAR PRICE.

Thirty Thousand Volumes to Select From

Remember the place.

Shepard Book Co.
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"The Knutsford Hotel is Opposite Us."



The Kaplan House Cleaning Co.

REN KAPLAN, Mgr.
We clean everything in line of house cleaning: Wall paper, kalsomine, decorating, fresco, paint, carpets and furniture, furnaces, floors, windows, woodwork, chimneys, etc.
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Where twenty years ago we commenced a General Real Estate Business, during which time we have added a General Mining and Brokerage Business, and are giving special attention to examination, promotion and management of mining properties and companies. On account of increased business we take pleasure in announcing that

JOHN M. WHITAKER

will take active management of the Real Estate, Loan and Insurance Branches of the business.

Thos. M. Wheeler is still with us and will be as prompt as ever in looking after the stock business.

We hope to be favored with your business, assuring you of prompt and careful attention.

TAYLOR BROS.

Members of Salt Lake Stock and Mining Exchange.

Both Phones 5992.

Birds! Birds!

All kinds of talking parrots and rare fancy pet birds, with the most beautiful plumage, sweet singers. There is nothing better on the market that would be more appreciated by your friends or folks than a nice imported Andreasburg Roller Canary, with a silvery trill; day and night singer. Heavy mountain singing canaries \$1.75 to \$3.50 each; Andreasburg Roller for this week only \$4.50 to \$5.50 each. Come and get your first choice. Folks out of town treated just as well as those in town.

Mail orders all promptly filled. We make a specialty of all kinds of pet dogs. Parrots from \$6.50 up.

M. C. MEYER.

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